

## SEES GERMAN MACHINE GUNS MOW DOWN FOE

"Mighty Little Fuss in This Business of Killing," Says Witness.

### WATCHES FIGHTING IN RUSSIAN POLAND

By United Press Staff Correspondent.  
On the firing line near West Wirballen, Russian Poland, Oct. 9.—(By courier to Insternburg, thence via Berlin, The Hague and London.)

The German artillery beat back the Russian advance to-day. Yesterday I saw an infantry engagement. To-day it was mostly an artillery encounter. The infantry attack is the more ghastly, but the artillery the more awe inspiring. As on Thursday, Friday's battle opened at dawn. With two German officers assigned as my chaperons I had been attached overnight to the field headquarters. I slept well, exhausted by the excitement of my first night of modern war, but when dawn once again revealed the two long lines of the Russian and German positions the Russian guns began to bark their loads of shrapnel at the German trenches.

#### Stones Spout Like Geysers.

The Russians did not have the German range. All of their shells flew screamingly 1,000 yards to our left. Through my glasses I watched them strike. The effect on the hillock was exactly as though a geyser had suddenly spouted up. A vast cloud of dirt and stones and grass spouted, and when the debris cleared away a great hole showed. While we watched the Russians seemed to fire of shooting holes in an inoffensive hill. They began to try chance shots to the right and left. It was not many minutes before I realized that standing near a battery, the execution of which must have been noted on the Russian side, I had a fine chance of experiencing shrapnel bursting overhead. It was a queer sensation to peer through field glasses and see the Russian shells veer a few hundred feet to the right. I saw one strike a windmill, shattering the long arms and crumpling it over in a slow burning heap. Then we beat a retreat further toward the centre.

#### Russians Not in Sight.

We had been standing behind a slight declivity. I had not caught a glimpse of the Russians. Shells were the only things that apprised us of their nearness. But as we passed out on an open field, considerably out of range of the field guns, I could see occasional flashes that bespoke field pieces a mile or so away. Behind us, on the extreme left, I was told the Russians were attacking the German trenches by an infantry charge, the German field telephone service having apprised the commanders along the front.

With glasses we could see a faint line of what must have been the Russian infantry rushing across the open fields. We passed on to the centre, going slightly to the rear for horses. As we arrived at the right wing we witnessed the last of a Russian infantry advance at that end. The wave of Russians had swept nearly to the German trenches, situated between two sections of field artillery, and there had been repulsed. Russians were lying in front of these pits, dead, dying or less seriously wounded, cut down by the terrible spray of the German machine guns. I got up to the trenches as the German fire slackened because of the lack of targets. The Russians had gone back. Strewn in the trenches were countless empty shells, the bullets of which, had as it looked to my inexperienced eye, slain thousands. As a matter of fact, there were hundreds of dead in the open field ahead.

German infantrymen spat on their rapid fires as we reached the trench and delightedly called our attention to the sizzle that told how hot the barrels were from the firing. The men stretched their cramped limbs, helped a few wounded to the rear and waited for breakfast.

It was not long in coming. Small lines of men struggling along under steaming buckets came hurrying up to the accompaniment of cheers and shouts. They bore soup that the men in the trenches gulped down ravenously. Meanwhile men with the white brassards and the red Geneva cross were busy out in the open lending succor to the Russian wounded. The battle seemed to have come to a sudden halt.

#### Russians Begin Bombardment.

But even as I was getting my soup the artillery fusillade broke forth again. The Russians apparently had enough of the infantry charging. They were settling down to a bombardment. Their siege guns battered away, hurling huge shells all along the German positions. The infantrymen slipped back into their trenches and crawled under little shelves they had hollowed out in expectation of the shrapnel they had learned from experience would be coming along shortly. It happened, however, that this hail of shrapnel did not come until nearly noon, when we had gone back again to the centre.

From 9 o'clock to noon the Russians hurled their heavy shells at the German trenches and the German guns. The German batteries replied slowly. I estimated during three minutes count, and judging from the number of Russian shells that splashed dirt up to our right and left of the battery ahead of us, incidentally, that the Russians were firing three times to the Germans' once. We could not see whether or not the German marksmanship was any better than the Russian.

There was mighty little fuss and feathers about this business of dealing death from guns. The crews at each piece laughed among themselves, but there was none of the picturesque shouts of command, the indeterminate blowing of bugles and the flashy waving of battle flags that the word battle usually conjures up. It was merely a daily business of killing. Over to the right, a vast 300 yards away, the Russians had apparently succeeded in getting the range.

## GERMAN INFANTRY PASSING THROUGH TERMONDE ON WAY TO ATTACK ANTWERP



Photo by S. L. Werner Film Co.

## Saw Russian Wave Break on German Steel Wall

Eyewitness Describes Battle in Poland—Spectacle, Which "Made Heart Thump Like a Hammer," Gave Understanding of Dead Soldiers' Smiles.

### TEUTONS SING AND LAUGH AS IF AT BALL GAME

By the United Press.

WIRBALLLEN, Russian Poland (on the firing line, via The Hague and London), Oct. 8.—At sundown to-night, after four days of constant fighting, the German army holds its strategic and strongly entrenched position east of Wirballen.

As I write this in the glare of a screened auto headlight several hundred yards behind the German trenches I can catch the occasional high notes of a soldier's chorus. For four days the singers have lain cramped in these muddy ditches, unable to move or stretch except under cover of darkness. And still they sing. They believe they are on the eve of a great victory.

I reached the battlefield of Wirballen shortly before daylight, armed with a pass issued by the General Staff and accompanied by three officers assigned to "chaperon" me and furnish technical information. We had travelled three days by automobile and were within three miles of the right wing of the German position when our machine broke down and we went ahead on foot.

To-day I saw a wave of Russian flesh and blood dash against a wall of German steel. The wall stood. The wave broke—was shattered and hurled back. Rivulets of blood trickled back slowly in its wake. Broken bodies, wreckage of the wave, strewn the breakers. To-night I know why correspondents are not wanted on any battle lines. Descriptions and details of battles fought in the year 1914 do not make nice reading.

We struck the firing line at a point near the extreme right of the German position shortly before daylight and breakfasted with the officers commanding a field battery.

Before the first crimsoning of the east every man was alert. Fresh supplies of ammunition brought up during the night were being stowed away in the caissons and cases. Empty shells were being thrown back out of the way. An air-broken shovel went about throwing loose soil over dark slippery spots about one of the guns. I saw shovels similarly engaged several times during the day.

#### Spine Chilling Noise of Shells.

As daylight came I saw that the guns were on the reverse side of a hill, with their muzzles apparently pointing directly up the ascending slope. While I was still marvelling at the number of details requiring attention in this highly specialized business of mankilling, I was yanked out of my reverie by a weird tooth edging, spine chilling, whistling screech overhead.

The fact that the shell was from 500 to 1,000 feet above me and probably another couple of thousand feet beyond, before my ear registered its flight, did not prevent my ducking my head and giving my officer chaperons the chance to laugh that I had resolved not to give them. A good many shells had passed over my head before I could lose an almost irresistible desire to hug the ground.

For half an hour the German battery paid no attention to the shells passing overhead and out of range. Finally a soldier with a telephone installed on an empty ammunition box began talking and copying notes which the commander of the battery scanned hastily. A word of command and a Lieutenant galloped along the line giving varying ranges to the different battery commanders. The crews leaped to their positions and the battery went into action. The firing continued for perhaps fifteen minutes, when there was a halt, more telephoning, a new set of ranges for some of the guns and a resumption of firing.

Yesterday, for the first time since the start of the battle of Sunday, the Russians attempted to carry the German trench position by storm. All Sunday and Monday the opposing artillery had been hammering away at the opposing trenches. The marksmanship of the Russian artillery had been bad, but I was told that a Russian aeroplane had made a reconnaissance of the German position shortly after dawn yesterday. I saw no machines in flight. Twice under cover of their field artillery the Russian infantry advanced in force yesterday. Twice they were forced back to their defensive positions. Now they were to try again.

#### Czar's Infantry Screened.

The preliminaries were well under way without my appreciating their significance until one of my officer escorts explained.

At a number of points along their line, observable to us but screened from the observation of the German trenches in the centre, the Russian infantry came tumbling out and rushing forward took up advanced positions, awaiting the formation of the new and irregular battle line. Dozens of light rapid fire were dragged along by hand. Other troops—the reserves—took up semi-advanced positions. All the while the Russian shrapnel was raining over the German trenches.

Every move of the enemy was obviously being communicated to the German centre. The German reserve column moved in closer. The rifle fire from the German trenches periodically ceased. The German officers moved along in the open behind the trenches, encouraging and steadying their men, preparing them for the check.

Finally came the Russian order to advance. At the word hundreds of yards of the Russian front line leaped forward, deployed in open order and came on. One, two, three, and in some places four and five successive skirmish lines, separated by intervals of from twenty to fifty yards, swept forward. Some of them came into range of the German trench fire almost at once. These lines began to wobble and thin out. Others were able to make a considerable advance under cover. The smoke of the burning village gave a grateful protection to several regiments. But on they came all along the line, protected and unprotected, firing and advancing again.

From the outset of the advance the German artillery, ignoring for the moment the Russian infantry action, began shelling the onrushing mass with wonderfully timed shrapnel, which burst low above the advancing lines and tore widening gaps. But the Russian line never stopped. For the third time in two days they came tearing on, with no indication of having been affected by the terrible consequences of the two previous

charges. As a spectacle, the whole thing was maddening. I found my heart thumping like a hammer, and with no weapon more formidable than a pair of binoculars I was mentally fighting as hard as the men with the guns. For the first time I sensed the intoxication of battle and learned the secret of the smiles on the faces of the battlefield's dead.

#### Men Went Down Like Dominoes.

The advance line thinned and the second line moved up. Nearer and nearer they swept toward the German positions. And then came a new sight. A few seconds later came a new sound. First I saw a sudden, almost grotesque melting of the advancing line. It was different from anything that had taken place before. The men literally went down like dominoes in a row. Those who kept their feet were hurled back as though by a terrible gust of wind. Almost in the second that I pondered, puzzled, the staccato rattle of machine guns reached us. My ear answered the query of my eyes.

For the first time the advancing lines here hesitated, apparently bewildered. Mounted officers dashed along the line urging the men forward. Horses fell with the men. I saw a dozen riderless horses dashing madly through the lines, adding a new terror. Another horse was obviously running away with his officer. The crucial period for the section of the charge on which I had riveted my attention probably lasted less than a minute. To my throbbing brain it seemed an hour. Then with the withering fire raking them even as they faltered the lines broke. Panic ensued. It was every man for himself. The entire Russian charge turned and went tearing back to cover and the shelter of the Russian trenches.

I swept the entire line of the Russian advance with my glasses far and near. It was visible from our position. The whole advance of the enemy was in retreat, making for its entrenched position. After the assault had failed and the

battle had resumed its normal trend I swept the field with my glasses. The dead were everywhere. They were not piled up, but were strewn over acres. More horrible than the sight of the dead, though, were the other pictures brought up by the glasses. Squirming, tossing, writhing figures everywhere! The wounded! All who could stumble or crawl were working their way back toward their own lines or back to the friendly cover of hills or wooded spots.

But there appeared to be hundreds to whom was denied even this hope, hundreds later another dropped about 500 yards, then one about 300. When one broke 200 yards away we understood the officer's frantic gesticulations. We took it down the hill on the dead run to cover, and a moment later a shell burst with terrific force on the very spot on which we had stood, furnishing a splendid target in the open field.

#### In Range of Russian Guns.

Throughout the day we watched the fight waged from the opposing trenches and by the artillery. The German forces seemed content to hold their present position for the time being and barring a few outpost skirmishes made no serious offensive moves. Suddenly, at sundown, the fighting ceased as if by mutual agreement. An outpost really only a reinforced picket line, was thrown out ahead of the German line and the work of removing the dead and wounded who could not be moved under fire was rushed along. Within an hour after the day's firing had ceased the German trenches were cleaned up and the work of bringing up the supplies and ammunition for tomorrow's conflict was under way.

## RADIO REPORT FROM BERLIN OPTIMISTIC

Progress Before St. Mihiel and in Argonne—\$159,000,000 of War Loan Paid.

### DENY CHOLERA STORIES

BERLIN, Oct. 10 (by wireless to Sayville, L. I.)—It is announced here that the German forces are making progress before St. Mihiel and in the Argonne. The following information has been given out in Berlin for publication:

"A bomb dropped by one of the enemy's aviators at Dueseldorff damaged an airship."

"The seat of the Serbian Government has been moved from Nish and is now at Uzbuk."

"The German war loan, which amounts already to 2,420,000,000 marks (\$605,000,000), has been paid up in cash to the amount of 626,000,000 marks (\$159,000,000)."

"The Brazilian Minister in Berlin has requested thirty of his countrymen living in the German capital to inform their relatives that they are enjoying complete security and that they have not been deprived of their liberty. This step is taken because of telegraphic reports to the effect that Brazilians in Berlin had been shot."

"The reports that cholera has broken out in Berlin are ridiculous."

"Count Beroldingen, whose mother is an American woman, has been awarded

two Iron Crosses for the following exploits: One day he appeared among his comrades wearing the raincoat of an English officer and found that they did not recognize him.

"Consequently he slipped away to the French lines and demanded that he be taken to some one who could speak English, preferably the commanding General. This was done. To the English commanding officer he said: 'I am an English adjutant. When will you attack? What are your positions and what is your plan of action?'

"It being dusk, the English General did not notice the German uniform under the English raincoat, and gave the Count the information he asked for."

"Beroldingen returned to the German lines and finally convinced his own commander of the truth of his story. The information thus obtained won the battle for the Germans."

"The Frankfurter Zeitung says that the people of Paris are depressed by the appearance of new German armies in the north of France. These German were successful in frustrating the French outflanking evolutions."

"The German torpedo boat destroyer which was sunk recently off the mouth of the River Ems by a British submarine was the No. 116. This boat was built in 1902 and was antiquated."

"Almost all the members of her crew were saved by German warships which went to her rescue."

"The Vienna Reichspost says that recent English diplomatic attempts at Constantinople have resulted in failure and that England is now too weak to fight the Turks."

### EXPECTS PORTUGAL TO FIGHT.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—The Bureau Weismann, a semi-official German news agency, says that Germany expects a declaration of war from Portugal at any moment, according to the Exchange Telegraph Company's correspondent at Amsterdam.



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